

Boston's new park system is said to be superb; the best in the world very likely.

A Chicago paper thinks that "the best way to perpetuate the bloomer is to preach and write editorials against it."

An Englishman in Japan complains of the "perpetual feast of green tea and snails, with nothing but rice and raw fish for a change."

The English Kennel Club has passed a rule that no crop-eared dog, born since March 31, can win a prize at a bench show. Not long ago a man and woman were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for a month for cropping a dog's ears.

Not long ago the two-year-old child of a Berlin day laborer died of starvation. The frenzied father, to save his darling from the potter's field, took the body in his arms and went begging wherewith to give it a decent burial. He was arrested as a mendicant, according to law, they said.

Science is spreading the knowledge that an easy way to commit murder would be by the use of disease germs. Concerning the proper method of propagating the germs, however, information is as yet withheld. Meanwhile, ejaculates the San Francisco Examiner, the simple layman of homicidal tendency seems to find the old methods available and safe.

Professor Moore, the new head of the weather bureau, thinks that captive balloons can be of great use in collecting meteorological data, states the Louisville Courier-Journal. A north pole expedition by means of balloons has been projected, and inventors are constantly struggling with flying machines. The possibilities of ballooning are just as attractive to scientists now as they were a hundred years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was foremost in producing results, but little of much value has been accomplished.

"It has been estimated," says the Electrical Review, "that electric railways have displaced in the United States no less than 275,000 horses, and the movement has not yet stopped. It is estimated by a Topeka paper that that many horses would require about 125,000 bushels of corn or oats a day. A decrease of 125,000 bushels a day in corn and oats consumption is enough to appreciably affect prices of those grains. It amounts to 45,000,000 bushels a year. Furthermore, the loss of this commercial demand for these coarse grains in the cities means an enormous loss of tonnage for the railroads—about 62,500 carloads."

Argentina is now pictured as the paradise for the foreigners, and large numbers are going there from every country in Europe. Most of the countries in Central and South America are desirous of securing immigrants and are taking means to secure them. No difficulty is experienced in obtaining land in all these countries, and coffee raising in them has lately become one of the most profitable industries in the world. History shows that the routes of migration change every few decades and that the current once formed draws humanity into it. This country for many years received the overflow of Europe, but the time may soon come when the tide of population may flow in another direction.

The death of the Princess of Battenberg recalls temporary attention to one of the most romantic family histories of modern times, reminds the New York Times. It is said now that she was of Polish noble descent, but her father, Count Hauke, was first who ever bore the title. His father was a teacher in Warsaw, of Hebrew blood, who, being a man of great cleverness and personal attractions, got for pupils the pick of the daughters of the Polish nobility, and even princesses from the German court. He married the beautiful Alsatian governess of one of the Hessian families, and this clever couple, through the interest of their influential girl pupils, secured for their three sons fat places at the Russian Court or army, and important marriages. Now two of their descendants are husbands respectively of a daughter and granddaughter of the queen of England, and a third occupied a European throne and came within an ace of marrying a sister of the German Emperor before he died. With the solitary exception of the Bonapartes, there is no parallel to such swift advancement of a family in the whole Almanach de Gatha, and even there the progeny of the Hebrew tutor is much more securely placed than that of the great Corsican's brother and sisters.

The Harvest.
'Tis a blessed toil from the toomingsoft
To garner a nation's bread.
Let the farmers sing at their harvesting,
For by them the world is fed.
Though banks may fail, and in ruin's gale
Every speculator reel,
The fruitful sod is the bank of God,
And its wealth no knave can steal.
When the rain and sun their good work have done
In the grain-fields far and wide,
Lo! the reaper bands, with armed hands,
Through the toppling harvests glide.
And the swaths of gold from the "cradles"
rolled
Gild the soil by the scythes laid bare,
As a ridge of mist, by the sunlight kissed,
Gild the broader fields of air.
The binders lithe who follow the scythe
For the treasures it crops and leaves,
As with laugh and song they hurry along,
Leave a wake of yellow sheaves.
But the happiest scene is the last, I ween,
When over the yielding loam
The last load is borne from the fields close
shorn,
For then is the "Harvest Home,"
O were I the lore of acres broad,
With the strength my land to till,
I'd follow the plow with a beaded brow,
And renounce the "gray goose-quill."
For of fields of thoughts, though with patience wrought,
The harvest of is sown,
But the seeded field, with a solid yield,
Pays for every furrow turned.
—W. B. BARBER, in the Ledger.

LONE HAND DICK.

BY OWEN HALL.

He was a queer, lonely chap, was Dick, though he was neither old nor ugly. Many a fellow among us at Lulu flat would have been glad enough to chum with Dick, for he was as steady as a file and as hardworking as they make 'em, but somehow nobody ever proposed it. There was something, I don't know what, about him that sort of choked you off before you could get alongside to do business.

He went by the name of "Lone Hand Dick"—not that his name was Dick particularly, but, bless you! that don't matter on the flat. Somebody called him "Lone Hand" because he worked by himself and said nothing, and I reckon somebody else called him Dick because you can't go on seeing a man every day and not call him something.

Dick was one of the first, if he wasn't the very first, on the flat. When I got there he was fossicking about in a corner all by himself, and there were not half a dozen more within five miles. He was friendly enough, too,—for the matter of that, Dick was always friendly. It was Dick that showed me where to get water, and laid me on to the run of the stuff when I asked him, but outside of that he wouldn't go.

He was a young fellow, not more than thirty anyhow; tall, active and middling strong, too. There was something about his face you couldn't help liking when you got to know it. None of your laughing, touch-and-go faces, that don't mean anything when you do know them; no, nor yet, your scowling, yellow-dog faces that mean no good, but a quiet face—real quiet face with a lot of meaning kind of drained out of it. The flat wasn't to say rich, not at first anyhow, till Jim Stokes dropped on to the deep lead, but there was always tucker and more in it. So far as I could guess, Dick had about his share and no more. If he had picked up a fortune, mind you he wouldn't have said anything without he was asked, but I don't think he did.

Stokes struck the deep lead on Friday, and by the middle of the next week Lulu flat was a gold field. Where they sprung from I'm blest if I know, but come they did, wagons full of them, traps, coaches, bullock drays, horses and donkeys, and one or two, though they didn't hardly count, being off color, on camels. In a week the flat was like a town; in a month we had two banks and were talking about a town hall and a member of Parliament.

It didn't suit Dick, Long before the end of the first week he had struck his tent—an uncommon one-horse tent it was, too, at that—and made tracks. After a day or two I missed him. He hadn't gone very far, though, and after a bit I came across a man that had seen him working by himself in a little corner of a gully just about big enough for one over the nearest range. It wasn't more than a week or two after that one day, just as I had knocked off work, a young chap comes up to me—a quill-driving looking chap at that—and says he: "Mate, do you happen to know a chap by the name of Forrester? They say he was on the flat from the first."

"Can't say as I do, mate," says I. "What's he like?"

"Like? Well, he ought to be like that," and he pulls out a photograph and passes it along to me.

I looks at it. "Dick," says I. "You know him, mate?" he says, looking at me sharp like.

"Well, mate, and suppose I did; what o' that?" for it comes into my mind about the trouble as we thought Dick might have been in. What of that, stranger?" says I.

"Come along up to the bank. We wan' to find him."

"Oh ye do," says I. "Got a fortune for him, mate?"

"Well, no, not that I know of, anyhow, but there's a party come in that wants to see him—wants to see him bad, too."

I looks at him. "What for?" says I, taking a draw of my pipe. "What for, mate?"

"Oh, you needn't be suspicious, it's a gentleman and a lady," says he.

"Why didn't you say there was a lady before?" I says, "I might know the party, and again I mightn't, but ladies ain't common. I'll see the lady, mate, anyhow."

I went along with him, though after all I wasn't sure. It was Dick in the picture right enough, but wasn't our Dick; the picture wasn't to say a "shevvy devvy" come to that, but it had been meant for Dick once.

It was after bank hours and the door was shut, but he took me round by the side into the manager's office. There was a man there and a girl—yes, she was only a girl, I could see that, although she had a thick veil over her face. The man was a swell.

"Do you know Mr. Forrester, my man?" says he.

"Not much," says I short.

He turns round on the clerk angrily. "He doesn't know him by that name, but he seemed to know the photograph you gave me, sir," the clerk said. The girl stirred uneasily in her seat; the man turned to me hastily. "You know somebody like the picture?" he said.

I looked at the girl; she seemed to be listening eagerly. "Well," I said, "I have seen somebody it might have been meant for once."

"We want to see him."

"Yes," says I. "What for?"

The man looked at me angrily. "What for, my man, and how does that concern you?"

"Well," says I, "I don't rightly know, nor I don't know how it concerns you to see him."

The man looked at me as fierce as a Goanner in a tight place, but he didn't speak. And with that the girl rose and took a step forward. "Oh, sir," she said, in a soft, low voice that shivered a bit as she spoke. "Oh, sir, you will tell us, I'm sure. I must know; I must see him!" She had clasped her two hands together; they were small hands and very white, and they shook as she spoke. It was for no harm, anyway, I could have sworn that much. "Yes, miss," says I. "It might be the party, or again it mightn't, for he's changed if it is, but I'll find him for you in the morning."

It was a lonely spot where we found Dick, and not another soul was in sight. He was working in the bottom, the same steady, dogged, hopeless work that he'd always done.

"There," I said, stopping short and pointing to him, "is that the man your looking for, miss?"

We were standing at the edge of the trees, and Dick was below us, and it might be thirty yards away. She had said nothing as we came along, but she had trembled so much that the man had given her his arm to help her. Now she seemed to pull herself together all in a moment as she threw back the veil to look. I looked at her then, and I tell you I could have gone on looking. Ah, that was something like a face—a face to think on in the dark, that was. She just gave one look and then a sob. "Stay here," she said, motioning the man back with her hand. "Stay here. Oh, George!"

Then she went down the slope, and with a quick, smooth sort of walk. She didn't seem rightly to walk, only to go, and to go quick at that. In a minute she was close to Dick.

"George," she said—only the one word, "George!" The word came up to where we were standing, and I tell you it sounded sweeter than music.

Dick lifted himself from his work and stared stupidly round, as if he didn't rightly know what it was. Then he sees her, and with that he falls back a step, like a man dazed.

"Oh, George!" and she held out both of her hands to him across the heap of white clay. "Come back, George, come back. It is all found out. They all believe you now. You're cleared at last—cleared at last. Come back, George—back to me."

He stood for a moment or two like a man that had been turned to stone. "Cleared!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Cleared! Oh, my God!" then he clutched wildly at his throat, staggered and fell—fell at her very feet senseless.

She was on her knees at his side. I started to run down the slope, and I was at her side in half a minute, but she didn't want me. She had raised his head and leaned it against her breast, and she would let nobody touch him but herself. And there she knelt among the wet clay, holding Dick in her arms, the tears running down her face and falling on his. I got a little water and poured it on his head, and at last he began to come to. I lays my hand on the man's arm. "I reckon, mate, you and me's not wanted here, not much," I says, and I pulls him away.

We got a cart and we moved Dick to the bank, but it was another week afore they could move him any further. Then they left.

It might have been a couple of months later that I got a Melbourne paper through the post. There was a mark at one side, and opposite to that an advertisement.

"At St. Mark's Church, Toorak, on December 1, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Melbourne, Mary, only daughter of the Hon. John Lester, of Toorak and Dugalla Station, to George Wingfield Forrester, eldest son of Albert Forrester, M. P. of Wingfield Hall, Herefordshire, England."

By and by I came across another paragraph. "The fashionable wedding that took place yesterday at Toorak had all the special interest which attaches to the last act in a very sensational drama. The circumstances of the celebrated Dugalla murder trial, although now two years old are still fresh in the memory of the public. The confession of the real criminal, while it happily restores Mr. Forrester to his friends and to society, affords a remarkable instance of the unreluctant ability of even the strongest circumstantial evidence. The refusal of the jury to agree upon what seemed unquestionable evidence of guilt appeared to us at the time, we confess, a lamentable failure of justice, and we said so. It affords us great pleasure now that we are able to offer both to Mr. Forrester and the public our hearty congratulations."

A Queer Clock.

Among the effects of the late J. F. Davies, which are to be sold by J. S. Pitt next month, is a curious form of night clock, which is not described in any of the histories of clockmaking, and is believed to be altogether unique. Water clocks and sand clocks are known to have preceded more mechanical timepieces, and Asser attributes to king Alfred the Great the adoption of candle clocks, with wax candles twelve inches long, which burned all day at the rate of an inch in twenty minutes, and were put in horn lanterns to prevent draught.

This clock is more modern rendering of the same idea. It consists of a light stand cast in lead in the form of a candlestick on the top of a glass cylinder used as a reservoir for the oil, the wick being placed in a little projection at the bottom, very much like the Isobath in stands which are now in use, and of course approximating to the very earliest form of oil lamp. Passing vertically over the oil reservoir, immediately behind the wick, so as to be lighted by it, is a band of metal, on which are marked the hours from four to twelve, and then on to five, presumably with the idea that it does not get dark before four, and that by five everybody ought to be up and about. The stock of oil was no doubt calculated to last the requisite number of hours. The relic, presumed by the British Museum authorities to belong to the last century, is quite perfect and is likely to excite a good deal of interest among antiquaries.—Bristol, England, Mercury.

A Text of Love.

This tale is told in the Orient: A lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was, "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "Oh, you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there. You will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly, so he came back in an angry mood and asked the lady why she had told him a falsehood. She then answered, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The man was surprised at this accusation and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me. If that had been true, you would not have gone to make love to another woman."—San Francisco Argonaut.

"Admiral Dot," the well-known dwarf, now runs a hotel at White Plains, N. Y.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

SHE SCULPTS.

Mrs. Theodore Alice Ruggles Kitson, wife of H. H. Kitson, the well-known Boston sculptor, has completed with her own hands a number of statues, statuettes and busts, several of which have been exhibited in European salons with great credit. She is under twenty-five years old and first exhibited her works in the Paris salon of 1888.—New York Tribune.

WOMEN AND THE LAW.

It cannot perhaps be said with truth that wheelwomen on the public roads take rather too much advantage of the privileges of their sex. Of course, it goes without saying that no decent man will run down a woman if he can help himself, but if the woman is on the wrong side of the road and going as fast as she can the decent man's best way of helping himself is not always clear. Both for her own safety and the convenience of all concerned we advise every woman rider to learn the law of the road and then live up to it precisely as she would be expected to do were she a man.—American Cyclist.

A GLOVE INNOVATION.

The women of this country are the only ones who insist on having their hands tightly bound in their gloves, for English and French women all wear loose ones. French gloves fit truly without a wrinkle, but that is because they are perfectly cut and loose. When a hand so incased is taken it can be felt; when an American woman's hand, trussed up in tight kid, is grasped, it feels more like a little foot in a shoe than a hand. The English glove does wrinkle and the English woman has large hands, too. It does seem as if the American woman might submit to the two examples, and dealers are going to try her.—New York World.

THE "NEW GIRL" AS LITIGANT.

A bright specimen of the "new girl" made her appearance before a magistrate recently. The top of her head, says the London Telegraph, was just as level with the rail of the witness-box, and Mr. Dickinson was considerably surprised to hear a small piping voice issue from some one he could not see, and say: "Please, sir I want a summons for abuse." "What's that?" asked the learned gentleman. "Stand up!" cried the usher of the court. The applicant stood on her tiptoes, which enabled the magistrate to see her eyes and half her nose, and repeated: "Please sir I want a summons of abuse." "Certainly not," replied Mr. Dickinson promptly. "If grown-up people are foolish enough to take out summonses for mere vulgar abuse, I am not going to encourage children to do the same. Go away home." The litigious girl frowned and went away.

THE CZARINA A NEW WOMAN.

The ranks of new womanhood have been recruited from the most unexpected quarter, namely, the Czarina of Russia. So, at least, writes a Viennese correspondent from St. Petersburg. It appears that the Empress has been interested in the woman question for some time, and, hearing that a number of women were in the habit of meeting in St. Petersburg for the discussion of their rights, she was anxious to know what they said and did. She made inquiries among the Court officials, but no one was able to give any information at least, so she said. Which, by the way does not tally with the stories of the vigilance of the Russian police. The Czar at once commanded that a full report of all such meetings should be prepared for the perusal of the Empress. Since then one of the Czar's secretaries has attended every debate in the capacity of reporter and takes down every word in shorthand. It must certainly be very flattering to these women to have the Empress so interested in their efforts at reformation.—New York World.

NOVELTIES IN SILKS.

The newest silks show a blending of many bright colors in brilliant brocaded and chine effects upon chameleon grounds. Taffetas are handsomer and in better quality than heretofore, being heavier but not so stiff as those of last season. A pattern produced in many colorings shows a ground of orange and black, with half-inch stripes of black satin at wide intervals, over which are thrown clusters of chine flowers in all the rainbow colors, so subdued by the changeable background, which shimmers and shades with every movement, that not a pure color nor a flower form is distinct, and the whole effect, though

showy, is not gaudy. A great deal of green is mingled with blue and with purple, and there are many fancy brocaded stripes in which the stripe is formed by conventionalized flower and leaf designs; thus a vine of white satin leaves runs over a changeable ground of red and green which is strewn with seed-like dots of green and yellow. Grounds of rich peau de soies are cross-hatched by fine geometrical lines of brocade in the ground color, while a contrasting color pattern is thrown over all.—Demorest's Magazine.

MAINE'S FEMININE MILLER.

In a little hollow, just below Maple street, in Monmouth village, Me., and upon the best water power that the Cochenewagan stream affords, is one of the oldest buildings in the county. And, although doubtless it has had many and varied repairs, it is undisputed that this old structure, erected before 1792 by such early settlers as General Henry Dearborn, John Welsh and Captain James Blossom, for a grist mill, and ever since used as such, is one of the oldest, if not, indeed, the oldest mill in the Kennebec valley.

For over half a century the mill property has remained the property of one family—the Metcalfs—and is now managed by Editor Loreltus S. Metcalf of the Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen, formerly editor of the Forum and North American Review.

Thirty-seven years ago Oscar F. Frost began his duties here as a miller, and he has been in attendance ever since. For more than thirty years, says the Boston Globe, Mr. Frost's wife has more or less assisted her husband in his duties about the mill.

Naturally observant and inventive genius, it was not long before she had fully mastered the details of the mill and could operate all the machinery as skillfully and as safely as her husband, who, many times a week, leaves her in sole charge.

Left to herself, she studied the machinery. There is a flour mill attached and is one of the best cornoc mills in the state. The present capacity of the plant is about a carload of corn per week, while the amount of daily custom grinding is not far from 100 bushels per day.

It is to this mill that the buckwheat, barley, corn and oats of the western Kennebec valley find their way, and for many days at a time it is entirely under the direct charge of probably the only woman miller in the country.

FASHION NOTES.

Many of the rough cloth jackets are made in reefer shape.

Some of the new fur capes are finished with vests of contrasting fur.

The smart white mohair gowns of the summer serve admirably as demi-saison dinner toilets.

New belts are of soft gay plaid silk, knotted under a metal clasp at one side, and are suggestively named tor-eodor.

Among the novelties for cool wether wear are fur sailor collars finished around the entire edge and long pointed fronts with a deep fringe of sable tails.

All browns with a reddish tinge are in especial favor for the coming cool season, though no wardrobe will be complete without one good black gown for the street.

Many green and black-and-red and black color-mixtures appear among autumn dress goods and narrow striped tailor mixtures in feather colors are used for fall traveling and shopping costumes.

The long feather boa is appearing again, and is being worn this season in very striking colors—pale blue, red, amber brown, green and deep yellow. These are startling and uncommon, but in very questionable taste.

The women who came back to town with black mohair gowns lined in colored silk to match the bodies worn with them need only a small, full cape of black velvet, trimmed with jet Vandykes, to have handsome early toilets.

Nothing takes the place of rich patterns in cut jet where a black color-note is demanded on wraps and gowns and with the advent of fall and winter costumes trimmed with velvet or silk comes the call for a finish to these accessories, which is only to be found in jet, passamenteries and edgings.

Among the new fabrics are silk figured French crepons, Jacquard, Sicilien, lustre Matelasse, shadow-figured mohair, novel golf suitings, silk-warp black moreens for outside as well as underskirts, and rope diagonal—a silk and wool material in which silky mohair is brought to the surface in rope-like ridges that impart a novel effect to the goods.